

MRS. GEORGE STOFF
3021 AVENUE 1
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

11/21/73.

Thursday eve. 8.30

Dearest one,

Our first Thanksgiving away from one another and yet your thoughtfulness in calling made us all here so thrillingly happy. There were several calls before yours came through, but my heart skipped a beat and still does each time the phone rings. Loving you so deeply is so wonderful and terrible at the same time. And honestly, it's getting "worse and worse" each day I'm near you, physically and spiritually.

— That's a Janise. Just went in to see our son and wasn't surprised to find him on the opposite side of the crib with his cute little t. a. uncovered - naturally he's all cooey and set for the night.

The day was a long, busy and not too exciting one. It started with a dream of you. You came home on a Jass, entered the apartment and was sleeping next to me. Now you ever entered the apartment troubled me because I knew you didn't take your keys. The fact that I saw your keys in one of your drawers, the other day, was the genesis of that dream. But it was a sweet one.

Mom and Pop came about lunch-time and later I drove them to the

B. M. J. - Project Park Station and from
 there they continued to Astoria. Baby
 and I went to my mother and we all
 had an excellent turkey dinner. Helman
 & Joel weren't there - she to his in-laws -
 but Pers & Jen, Aunt Mabel, El & Mom and
 baby and me had a very nice afternoon.
 No excitement - baby slept for 2 hours.
 He'll have his first bit of turkey to-
 morrow - I have a sample. And Gladys
 dear, you'd get such delight to see
 our precious one walk so boldly and
 wobbly - but walk. I shouldn't ever
 complain again when I see such a
 precious part of you around me all
 day long. But I am a little selfish,
 I want the real you in the flesh near
 me, so I'll keep hoping and praying in
 my own way that we be together real soon!

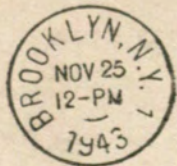
When I arrived home to-night, I fed
 Jimmie and sponged him, put him to
 bed and started my letter to you.
 Sam called before, Pop spoke with me
 and your brother's new wife said a few
 words. If you haven't received Bob's address
 as yet, here it is - Robert Stoff
 A/S N.A.A.C. - Sq. C/1
 Nashville, Tenn.

I'll try to write him soon.

Your last letter was quite funny
 and I got a couple of laughs out of it. You
 wrote about most everything but the in-
 jections. Are you getting them and if so how
 are you re-acting?

To-night I'm alone with our babe
 and thinking and breathing only Serge. You've
 taken such a great hunk of heart with you
 so you better hurry back soon and put
 it together again.

With all my love and devotion -
 and Jimmie's love too, I'll say Good-night, my love,
 Florence.



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